

When Stars Collide (prologue-part 7)

by Serendipity

Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-01-18 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-01-18 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 11:18:24

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 10,396

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: When a lonely hacker helps an angel get back his soul, she soon finds she might lose her heart in the bargain.

When Stars Collide (prologue-part 7)

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> When Stars Collide (prologue-part7)

>When Stars Collide**

By Serendipity

>(prologue-part 7)

TITLE: When Stars Collide

> AUTHOR: Serendipity
 E-MAIL: trekchic@usa.net or
SlayerSere@aol.com

> SUMMARY: Willow helps Angel get his soul back, making her life all the more
 complicated.

> DISTARCHIVE: Ask and you shalt receive!

> DISCLAIMER: Willow, Angel, Amy Madison, Buffy, Xander, Giles and everyone else
 don't belong to me, they belong to Joss Whedon and Mutant Enemy. No, really, they do...

> AUTHOR'S NOTE: The title of this story comes from lyrics from the Elton John song, "The One"
 I wrote it WELL before the season 3 premiere and the Becoming mess so it's right around Surprise/Innocence.

> Consider it an alternative universe, if you will, where the events of the rest of season 2 (like the finale Becoming) and season
 3 never took place...

* * *

> <p>His vision blurred. <p>

The first thing he noticed was the immense pain in his side. Next came the even greater pain in his chest. He gritted his teeth.

The old, familiar ache was back.

Blinking to clear his sight, he tried to sit up, but felt something restraining his arms and legs.

>He struggled weakly against his bounds but knew it was futile. Then the inevitable happened. <p>

He started to cry.

Leaning back against the hard wooden surface, he proceeded to sob helplessly, drowning in the

>frighteningly vivid memories which were both his own and utterly foreign at the same time. <p>

His bindings were rapidly loosened and he lifted his head.

"A-angel?"

The meekness of the question only worsened his pain. Blinking again to clear the tears from his eyes, he tried to get a good look at his capture. The figure was blurry and completely indistinguishable except for one thing.

Red.

"A-are you okay?"

The blur took a step closer and suddenly he realized he hadn't answered her first question. Pulling himself up into a seated position, he flinched slightly when she retreated a few steps.

"Willow? It's...it's me...."

He heard her let out a strange little gasping sound, almost like a choked sob. Her reaction was enough to send him into tears all over again. He buried his face in his hands in embarrassment.

"Oh Angel!"

She leaped onto the table with him, hugging him fiercely while they both cried.

"Angel, you're back, you're back..." she murmured repeatedly while rocking him soothingly back and forth.

He shook his head again trying to get away.

It was terrible. The visions of how he'd attacked Willow. The bloodlust. The way he'd gripped her neck with every intention of draining her.

He remembered how he'd pursued Ms. Calendar...the adrenaline thrill it gave him to see the terror in her eyes...the snap her neck made when it broke. He could recall the smell of her cool skin as he laid her out on Giles' bed and the feel of the roses he scattered on the watcher's floor. But most vividly, he recalled the look of pain and betrayal in Buffy's eyes as she fought him. He'd never forget how

thin and pale she was when she was in the hospital and how he'd had every intention of using that against her. It made him sick. They'd never forgive him. Never speak to him again.

Not that he could blame them.

"Willow..I-I'm so sorry...I-I..Jenny..she's..Oh God, I have to get out of here..."

>pushing her away gently, he tried to wipe the tears away and limped towards the door. <p>

"Angel! No, Angel, it's almost daylight, you can't go home through there!" she pounced off the table and ran to follow him.

"I know," his voice sounded harsh and rough.

Not quite comprehending, she opened her mouth to respond but suddenly the truth hit her.

>'He knew'? He WANTED to die? The realization was slow and odd. He intended to commit suicide. A numb sensation invaded her body as she. He was going to purposefully go out into the sunlight one last time and kill himself. How..sad. How..poetic. How....stupid. It was then that something strange happened. <p>

She got mad.

"What?!"

He jumped slightly at her high pitched shriek.

"You WHAT?!"

He was somewhat taken aback by her reaction.

"I just spent the last five hours anchoring your soul to your body and you WHAT?"

"Willow, please, just let me g-,"

"I don't THINK so," suddenly, she was on a roll. She was furious and tired, not to mention injured both emotionally as well as physically. And she was not going to take it any more. "Do NOT make me forcibly knock you out and drag you back to your apartment, Angel," she put her hands on her hips in classic Cordelia style, " I am NOT going to let you die, do you hear me? Do you have any idea what I went through to get you here?"

Unfortunately, he did. He knew only too well. "Willo-,"

"Angel, you have to FIGHT! Are you listening to me?"

Willow Rosenberg: motivational speaker, that's who she was.

"Buffy needs you! We all need you, w-what happened these past few weeks, that wasn't you," she tried to reason with him, "That was something else, some horrible thing which is never coming back. I made sure of that, and I'm not letting you waste this, Angel, I-I'm just not..." Her voice broke towards the end but she managed to keep her eyes hard and demanding. Without the involuntary trembling of her chin, it might have actually been convincing.

He shook his head in a show of resignation. He was tired. So very, very tired, "Willow, it's for the best, please, try and understand." With that he turned towards the door and walked out into the hall.

Without even thinking she bounded out after him and leaped into the air, tackling him from behind.

"Wi-, OW!" he shouted as she grabbed two fistfuls of his hair and pulled him down to the ground with her.

"You are NOT leaving here, got it?" she growled through clenched teeth.

He stared up on her in shock. What had happened to the meek, shy, passive girl he had known mere weeks before? Little Willow Rosenberg had seriously grown up on those past few weeks. Thanks, in a large part, to him. This fact put him in a very awkward and troubled position.

And he knew it.

So there they were, with her hovering breathlessly above and him lying flat on his back below. They stared at each other unwaveringly as a true battle of wills took place. She bit her lip in frustration and narrowed her eyes for effect. He kept his face completely blank except for the occasional wince when she readjusted her grip on his hair.

Neither could help but wonder exactly how they'd gotten into this position to begin with...

Part 1

Her lungs felt like they were going to spontaneously combust.

She rounded yet another corner, slipping slightly on the polished linoleum as she raced for the
>red sign marked exit. That sign was her only hope.
<p>

"Wiiiiiiilloooooowww????"

She was stupid to have tried this alone, she knew that now. She had been especially naive to think he wouldn't sense what she
>was doing and come after her. <p>

"Wiiiiillow? Ooooh Wiiiiiiiillllloooooowww...come out come out wherever you are..."

The pure evil inherent in his voice caused shivers to run up her spine.

"Aw, come on, Wills, come out and play."

His voice sounded so close. Gasping, she urged her legs onwards, terrified out of her mind. She was completely defenseless

>ever since the scuffle in the library which preceeded her hasty exit. During it, he'd caused her to drop her cross and stake.
<p>

She rapidly approached the doors. Reaching, she slammed into the metal bar, shoving it in with all her might, praying for it to

>give. It stuck fast. <p>

Locked. Oh no...locked...oh God... > Tears filling her eyes, she turned just in time to see him launch right into her, a satisfied

>snarl on his game face. <p>

She shrieked and ducked, somehow managing to dodge his body as it hit the door full force, denting it. She rapidly crawled
>past him and took off running the way she'd come. She heard him grunt as he picked himself up and raced after her. <p>

"Naughty, naughty, naughty...."

Squeezing her eyes shut, she raced through the blackness, willing that awful voice away. I wonder if this is what Ms.
>Calendar felt just before he killed her... > <p>

She'd give anything to see Buffy standing at the end of the darkened hallway, stake in hand, poised and ready to kill. But that
>wasn't going to happen. Buffy was gone, out of town for the weekend. Neither Giles nor Xander knew she was here. And
there wasn't any chance that they'd happen upon her or even wonder where she was. Giles was at a Watcher's meeting and
>Xander was out with Cordelia. At the time, the fact that she'd be alone made this night seem perfect to attempt the ritual. Now
she knew it had been complete stupidity on her part. He had found out somehow. He'd most likely felt the soul preparing to
>re-enter. It didn't take a genius to figure out who was responsible or where they'd be. Nevertheless, he'd caught her completely
off guard, especially because she'd been so close..so very close to completeing the ritual. Just a few more seconds and she'd
>have finished it. <p>

And none of this would be happening.

"Aw, c'mon Wills, you've gotta play NICE," on that final word he pounced, knocking her off her feet.

Survival instince kicked in fiercely and she shoved him away with all her strength, while turning and pushing herself upwards on
>her hands and knees, her feet scrambling to get a firm grip on the floor. <p>

"Nope, Willow, I think that's a bad idea."

Calmly, he reached out and grabbed her long red hair, dragging her down. She screamed repeatedly and he flipped her over
>easily, straddling her hips. <p>

"Tsk tsk tsk, Willow, you've really gotta stop (bang) doing (bang) that (bang)."

To accentuate each word, he slammed her head into the floor, causing her vision to grow foggy. He stared at her thoughtfully
>before smiling again. <p>

"Ya know," he began conversationally, "I've been pretty lonely since Darla, and well, Dru, in case you hadn't noticed, is a bit of

>a..how shall I put this?" he paused, pretending to look for the right word, "nutball." He shot her a charming smile, "So, I was

wondering, Willow. How would you feel about keeping me company for the next couple of centuries?"

She moaned weakly.

"Good!" he leaned in closer to her, "Cause I have a real thing for red-heads," he murmured seductively into her ear.

Her eyes widened and she struggled against him again.

"Aw, c-mon," he started laughing, "it'll be f-,"

She spit in his face.

His eyes immediately darkened and he pinned her arms down harshly on either side of her head, immediately cutting off
>circulation at her wrists. <p>

"Or I could just kill you, you little bitch, it's your choice," he snarled angrily

"A-angel, please," she gazed at him fearfully, "I know you're in there....please Angel, fight this..."

Angelus just smiled wider, "Yeah, keep trying, you stup-," suddenly, his smile froze and he squeezed his eyes shut, as if in pain.

"N-no...NO.." he howled in anger. His face shifted back to human and he looked up at her.

"Willow? Is that you?" he asked cautiously in clear eyed confusion, "Willow, what's going on?"

"Angel?" she gasped.

"Nope, just kidding," he burst out laughing and his face shifted back to its boney grimace. He backhanded her viciously,
>splitting her lip and causing it to bleed painfully, "God, Willow, for one of the "smart" kids, you're really really dumb."
<p>

"Bastard!!" she shouted at the top of her lungs in pure frustration.

"My goodness!! Such language!" Angelus stared at her in mock-horror before laughing again.

That did it.

She forced herself to meet his gaze boldly, and began to calm her

irregular breathing. She was as good as dead, provided he
>didn't turn her into a vampire. She knew that. But it was odd how
different people confront death. It felt like all the terror had

ebbed out of her body in these last few seconds as she gazed at
him with silent, calm fury. She felt numb but resigned to her

>fate. And she wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of seeing
her squirm anymore. <p>

"Go ahead, Angelus. I'm ready."

He furrowed his brow and looked at her, first in surprise and then in
disappointment, "Aww, but now you're not playing the
>game..." <p>

"Sorry," she muttered darkly.

"Oh, well, that's okay. The games over anyway..." with that, he
leaned over, fangs bared, "Welcome to eternity, Willow...."

"Get away from her you jerk!"

Both predator and prey snapped up to stare at the unexpected
intruder.

Angelus frowned as he took in the slender, blond teenager, totally
unimpressed, "Who the hell are you?"

Amy?! > Willow's mind was completely in turmoil What on earth??
>

She smiled at him, her normally green eyes glowing a soft white, "Get
off of her, asshole."

Angelus smiled back, recognition flickering over his features, "Oh
yes, now I remember, you're Sabrina the Teenage Witch,
>right? With the psycho mom...yeah. Look, hon, tell ya what, I'll
finish here and then we can play together. I'll even give you a

head start," he nodded at her charitably, "Go on now. Shoo."

Amy silently cocked her head to one side.

He turned his attention back to Willow, "Now, where were we?" he
plunged forward again.

She gritted her teeth.

He was an inch away from her neck when a pulse of liquid yellow light
hit him from the side, knocking him off of her.

Angelus fell into the wall, slightly stunned. He stared up at the
blond girl in shock.

Crossing her arms over her chest, Amy smiled smugly, "I *told* you to
get away from her, you arrogant son of a b-,"

Snarling, he picked himself up and leaped. Swiftly, she held her
hands out in front, thumbs and forefingers joined to complete a

>circle. Before he could get within two feet of where she was standing, another pulse of light shot out and hit him square in the

head, fiercely knocking him back into the wall. He slowly slid down, unconscious.

Willow almost cried with relief. She pulled herself up on her hands and knees, crawling away from the vampire's prone form.

"Are you alright?" Amy asked, crouching beside her.

"Yes, thanks so much Amy...you have..umm..really good aim...and timing" it was then that the red-head noticed her friend's
>odd clothing. Her hair was slightly mussed and she was wearing a flannel night shirt over her jeans. <p>

"Umm..aren't you gonna stake him or something, Willow?" she darted a nervous glance at Angelus,
>"It's really gonna suck if he wakes up, especially since I-," she stopped suddenly and leaned heavily against the wall for balance.
<p>

"Amy? You're shaking..."

"I-I guess I'm just not used to knocking out homicidal vamps, sorry, just give me a second," she shook her head slowly, "It's
>going to take me at least a week to recharge after this one..."
<p>

"Out of curiosity, how did you know I was here?"

"Oh," she took a deep breath and smiled, "Well, this is going to sound really weird..."

"Amy, we live on the Hellmouth, I doubt that."

"I dreamt it."

"Dreamt it? Like, had a vision?"

"Something like that. I was asleep and it was like I was having a nightmare but it was so real. When I woke up, something told
>me that it *was* real. I just threw some clothes on and raced here as fast as I could." <p>

Willow nodded thoughtfully.

"Nothing like this has ever happened before either," Amy continued, "It was very strange, it felt almost like I was here, watching

>you get chased." <p>

"Well, you've obviously gotten pretty powerful these past few months, maybe that has something to do with it."

"Yes, my power does seem to grow as I get older, only it's still limited. If I over-exert myself doing something," she glanced at

>Angelus, "It takes me awhile to get back up to full strength."
<p>

"You should really consider talking to Giles about this. Actually, I've been doing some extremely fascinating research on

>Techno-paganism and I've found some stuff you might be interested in," she broke off from her blissful chatter when Angelus
groaned softly, "actually, we should probably do something about *him* first."

Slowly, Willow stood and walked over to the vampire's body, "We can't kill him, not after I've been trying to save him for so
>long and especially not after everything he's done for all of us. We need to get him back the library somehow." <p>

"What are you going to do?"

"Anchor his soul to his body. Permanently."

"ALONE?!"

"Well, yes, unless you're interested in helping out."

Amy sighed softly, "Hey, why not? It's only a school night. I only have an exam tomorrow at 8am," she rolled her eyes but
>grinned, "Besides, sleep is highly overrated." <p>

Willow smiled and turned her attention back to Angel's tall, well-muscled form, "I..uhh...don't suppose you have enough power

>left to 'zap' us there by any chance?" <p>

Amy shook her head, "I couldn't get him three feet down the hall on what power I have left."

Willow bit her lip in frustration and shrugged. "Well, I guess we'll have to do this the old fashioned way," she reached down and

>grabbed one of his arms. <p>

The other girl sighed. Grunting, she stood up, walked over and grabbed the other. Carefully, they began to drag the body down

>the corridor. <p>

"He had SO better appreciate this," she muttered under her breath.

Willow smiled, "Oh, he will, Amy, he will."

Part 2

"Willow, let go of my hair."

"No."

"Willow, Don't be unreasonable!!!"

"*I'm* being unreasonable?" she spat, "Explain how *I'm* the

unreasonable one when
>*you're* the person trying to commit suicide!" <p>

He paused. She had a point.

"Angel, I'll let you go on one condition. You give me your word you won't try and kill yourself."

"I....can't..."

"Fine then. We stay here."

He cursed softly under his breath. He could very easily get away from her, but was taking extra-careful precautions not to hurt
>anyone. Especially after everything that had happened. <p>

"Willow, you're probably the only person on earth who feels this way, do you realize that? D-do you realize that if Xander or
>Giles were here, they probably would have staked me hours ag-,"
<p>

"They're just mad, Angel, they'll get over it. They'll come to understand that it *wasn't* y-,"

"But it *was* me, Willow. Angelus is Angel. We can't be separated, we can't be differentiated, *never* make the mistake o-,"

"You *are* different, Angel. I don't care what you say. There is a very big difference between
>you and Angelus. How can you even imply that there isn't? I can't believe that y-," <p>

"Willow, I live with the demon every day of my life. You don't know. You don't understand. You can't. That demon is an
>inextricable part of who I a-," <p>

"*Angel* is in control of the demon. Angelus is not. There's your difference. Don't argue this with me Angel, you're gonna lo-,"

"It isn't a question of winning or losing, Willow. This is for the best. My dying will end the misery I've inflicted on ev-,"

"*Angelus* inflicted-,"

"*I* inflicted!!! If I die now, Giles, Xander, Buffy and you can live on in peace. Do you have any idea how much pain it'll cause
>Buffy if I just come sauntering back into her life? As if I haven't hurt her enough that she has to live with this additional burden?

Things can never be the same between us. And my even existing will always be this awful unspoken request for us to be
>together. I can't do that to her. I can't cause her that kind of stre-," <p>

"Oh, so killing yourself is the better option?" She was furious, "you think that if Buffy finds out that I restored your soul and then

>you committed suicide that THAT wouldn't kill her even more? Do you realize how much your death will haunt her for the rest

of her lif-"

"Please, let me die in peace. I can't face everyone after what I've done, especially Buf-,"

"Don't be such a coward, Angel," she whispered coldly.

Her final words left him speechless. Incredible rage built up within him and he growled dangerously. Shifting, he prepared to
>break her hold and to end this childishness once and for all.
<p>

It was then that she took that opportunity to scare the living daylights out of him.

He watched in horror as her face suddenly crumpled, "I'm sorry, Angel. I-I didn't mean that."

He blinked as her unexpectedly warm tears began to fall on his forehead.

She let go of his hair, drawing away slightly.

"I just..I-I just know I can't *force* you to stay. I'm not Buffy and I'm not a slayer and I'm not strong. I'm just me. And I know

>that's not alot and I know that's not nearly enough but..It's just that...it's just that it's been so scary and lonely without you here,

Angel. Buffy's been so sad and she's been isolating herself from everyone and ever since Xander and Cordelia started

>dating..I-I've been so alone. And I never realized how much I missed you until you came back and now you want to go again
and I don't know what to do."

In one split second, she had gone from an angry, demanding force to be reckoned with, to a frightened, vulnerable 16-year old
>who was gawky, lonely, and felt completely out of place. <p>

Just like him.

And then she did the one thing that would change his mind forever.

"I've missed you so much Angel. Please don't leave me again...please don't leave *us* again. We all need you. I need you."

She stared into his eyes the way that only she could: with such sincerety and innocence that he felt his own heart breaking.

He sat there, staring back at her, still in mild shock. Numbly, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a green silken

>handkerchief. <p>

She accepted it gratefully and blew her nose.

He never *did* understand women. Even after over 200 years, they somehow always managed to completely shock him at the
>strangest moments. They had this uncanny ability to constantly keep him guessing. He never quite knew what they were
planning on

doing nex-

Suddenly, she threw herself into his arms.

He fell back slightly, before recovering his balance. Holding her awkwardly at first, he gradually grew more comfortable with it.

>It was definitely strange. Not quite the same as holding Buffy when she was upset. Buffy was strong. He always knew she'd
snap back, no matter what was thrown at her. She was the slayer. Willow, on the other hand was much more fragile. Easily
>broken. She'd need someone to protect her. Someone like me? >
<p>

"Angel?"

"Hmm?" he responded absent-mindedly stroking her hair.

"That was really embarrassing. I'm sorry." She drew away from him and he could see that although her eyes were still red and
>somewhat puffy, she was better. <p>

Hmm..maybe not so fragile after all...> "No, you shouldn't be embarrassed by it, Willow. Anyway, this was my fault not
>yours. I should be the one apologizing," he sighed heavily, "for alot of things." <p>

She sat across from him, staring silently at her hands.

Dim light was already beginning to filter through the hallway. "Let's get you home."

She looked up in surprise, "D-does that mean that you're staying?"

He managed a weak smile, "Yes, I guess it does."

"OH Angel I could just kiss you now!!" she shouted jubilantly, but quickly blushed when she saw his eyes widen in surprise,
>"B-but i won't...because those are the kind of urges
you..umm..repress.." she finished meekly. <p>

He smiled kindly to ease her embarrassment, "C'mon, let's go, we don't have much time if we want to make it to the boiler room
>and down to the tunnels." <p>

"Okay, but I need to clean up the library first. If I don't, Giles will know that I-," she clamped her hands over her mouth as if

>she'd just said something she wasn't supposed to. <p>

"Wait, Giles didn't know you were doing this?"

She considered lying, but quickly dropped that idea, "No," she admitted weakly.

Well, aren't we just full of surprises? > He furrowed his brow and gave her an odd look before shrugging, "Okay, we'll deal
>with that later. First, I'll help you clean up and then we'll get out of here," he responded simply. <p>

Willow nodded and breathed a sigh of relief.

They stood and walked back towards the library.

"So," he began conversationally, "Xander and Cordelia, huh?"

"Yeah."

He didn't miss the slightly disappointed and disgusted tone in her voice.

"Wait..I had nothing to do with that, right? I didn't drive them together or something, did I?"

Despite herself, Willow giggled, "No, no you didn't, Angel."

He paused to hold the door open, "Thank goodness."

"Why, what do you think of them as a couple?" she asked, walking past him into the library.

He paused, searching for the right words.

"Um....ew?"

The door slammed shut behind them, slightly masking the gales of laughter which echoed down the empty hall.

>

Part 3

Closing her locker, Willow sighed heavily, closed her eyes and leaned her head against

>the cool metal. The last few weeks absolute torture. The sheer burden of what she knew had robbed her of several hours of
sleep each night. Today she'd not only fallen asleep in math

>class AND in history, but she'd also had to continue to blatantly lie to all of her friends.
She'd almost lost it a few days ago when Buffy had caught her between classes and asked her if she'd been sleep deprived

>lately. Faking a sudden allergic reaction, she'd run and hid in the
bathroom until the bell rang. It had been two full weeks since she'd changed Angel. It was hard to believe that she'd been able

>to keep it a secret for so long. She'd had to basically cut off all connection to her friends in order to manage, Not that they
really noticed. > but she'd done it.

>She sighed sadly. Yes, recently her life had been full of guilt and close calls, but she'd somehow managed to emerge reasonably
unscathed.

"You look the way I feel."

Her heart jumped to her throat and her body stiffened. Suddenly, she placed the voice.

> Amy... > Groaning with relief, Willow banged her head lightly against the locker door,
"Tell me about it. Today has been SUCH hell...."

"You still haven't told them."

"No, how did you know?"

"I just walked past Buffy and Xander talking. They're worried about you. They think
>you're avoiding them for some reason..and..well...they're right."
<p>

Willow turned to regard the young witch and was surprised at the dark glasses covering
>her eyes, "Amy, are you okay?" <p>

Amy grinned wryly and leaned against the lockers as well, "Yeah. My eyes are a bit
>sensitive to light now for some reason. I'm feeling alot stronger than I expected I would,
so it's not too bad. Besides, I think the glasses make me look mysterious." She wiggled
>her eyebrows comically and they both erupted into giggles.
<p>

Willow sobered up almost immediately, "Amy, how am I going to tell them? They're
>going to kill me. I-I can't even imagine what Giles will say...especially since I've kept it from
him for so long..." The two girls started
>walking along the bright halls towards the front exit. <p>

"Well, Buffy will be happy, right?"

"I'm...not so sure. She and Ms. Calendar were never that close, but the last time they
>were together, they were in a pretty bad fight. Buffy felt so guilty when she found out that
Ms. Calendar'd been killed. She's also very loyal to Giles. I really don't know how she'll
>react." <p>

"Well, Willow, what's done is done. I think you'll just have to trust them with the truth."

"Trust who with what truth?"

Both girls jumped about five feet in the air and spun around.

"Oh...Xander," Willow smiled weakly.

"Hey Wills," he smiled brightly and then saw her companion, "Oh..hi Amy." He
>immediately dropped his gaze. <p>

For once, Amy was glad that she was wearing her glasses as she rolled her eyes. Xander
>had been acting weird around her ever since the whole magic spell incident. That kid is
so obnoxious, I can't believe he *still* thinks I want him... > "Well, this is my cue to
>leave," flashing a brilliant smile, she started walking in the opposite direction until she
felt Willow's hand create a vice grip on her forearm, forcing her to stumble back into

>place. <p>

"Umm..N-no...Amy, don't leave so fast..don't forget that we have to....STUDY yes, study at my
>house for that...project we were assigned," Willow stammered I am SO bad at
lying!! >. She gritted her teeth and waited a beat hoping that the other girl would pick up on the
>story. <p>

"Willow, it's Friday," Xander protested, "studying is, like, illegal."

Amy paused and turned her attention back to a very suspicious looking Xander.

"Well, it's a pretty big project," she countered.

"What class?" he challenged.

"History," Willow blurted before Amy could stop her.

"Wills, I'm in your history class. We didn't have any project assign-,"

"Well, if you MUST know, Xander," Amy broke in rudely, "It's a special project that I
>have to complete because..I...," she lowered her voice for effect, "I haven't been doing
that well in history..."

This explanation seemed to go much better with the dark-haired boy, "Ooohh. Like, as an
>extra-credit kind of thing?" <p>

Amy had to stifle a giggle. He actually looked sympathetic.

"Yes," Willow rejoined, "And I've volunteered to help her to boost my own grade..
>G-gotta keep up that GPA, colleges are really competitive these days..." <p>

"Oh, well, Buffy and I were going to the Bronze an-,"

"Nope, can't make it," Willow shrugged helplessly and started to walk away, dragging
>Amy with her. <p>

"Oh, well then I'll call you!" he shouted after her as the two girls beat their hasty retreat.

"We'll be really busy!" Willow yelled in response as they tumbled backwards out the
>door and into the sunshine. <p>

Pausing for a moment to look at each other, they both burst out laughing and started
>running down the steps and across the lawn. <p>

"Good cover!" Willow gasped.

"You went along with it very nicely," Amy grinned.

"Yeah, well I saw that episode of Dawson's Creek, too."

Part 4

Willow paced nervously in front of her mirror. It was just past sundown and she needed
>to check up on Angel. He hadn't called or emailed for the past three days
as she'd asked him to and she couldn't help but feel worried. They'd met frequently these past few weeks. The meetings were
>often short and Willow initiated pretty much all of them but it was a strange comfort to her to see him and to know that he was
all right. Even though they usually said very little during their meetings, Willow hoped that he was becoming more comfortable
>around her. It was nice to have him back. <p>

Regardless, she also knew that she'd have to deal with the rest of her friends sooner or later and she had absolutely no idea
>how she'd break the news to them. Deep in her heart, she knew that Amy was right. Willow couldn't hide behind her

forever...fortunately, that wouldn't stop her from trying....

"Okay. I'm going. For real this time," she muttered softly as she stopped to stare at
>herself in the mirror. With shaking hands she rearranged her hair. What the heck am I
doing? A hair check? For Angel? What am I, nuts? Like he's going to care what I look
>like...especially now... > Vanity got the best of her, though, and she turned a few more
times while straightening out her skirt before heading to the bed to grab her backpack so
>she could leave. <p>

She heard a faint rustling noise from outside.

Dropping her backpack onto her bed again, she carefully picked up the stake on her
>dresser. She tiptoed towards the large french doors which led to the small balcony outside
her window. Cool it Willow, you're safe as long as you stay inside the house... hah.
>famous last words... > <p>

Gritting her, teeth, she double checked to make sure that the doors were firmly locked
>before gingerly pulling back the curtain. There he was. A dark shadowy figure putting
something down and turning to climb out again.

She rapidly unlocked the doors and threw them open, "Angel?"

He looked up at her with one leg already swung half over the railing, "Willow! Hi...I
>didn't think you were home..." <p>

"How..how are you? Why didn't you call me like I'd asked?"

"Oh. Well, I was kind of busy thinking...about things. It must've slipped my mind."

Unable to stop herself from feeling a mild pang of pain and an odd sense of jealousy over
>that I'll bet he wouldn't have forgotten if I'd been Buffy. > , Willow swiftly decided to
drop the issue. How can I be so petty? He's one of my best friends. He needs me to be
>there, after all he's been through, of course he's liable to forget to 'check in', I mean,
geez, I'm not his mother... >

Angel looked on with a feeling of mild anticipation as Willow seemed to be considering
>something. I hope she doesn't realize that I'm lying. > The truth was, it *hadn't*
slipped his mind. He'd remembered to call. In fact, he'd sat by his phone almost every day, picking
>it up, getting halfway through the number and then dropping it again before getting up to
pace around his apartment some more. He wasn't really sure if she'd meant it when she'd
>asked him to call. There was so much he wanted to know from her. So many questions
that needed to be asked. She was like his only lifeline to his previous existence, but he
>was too afraid to cling to her for fear that she'd end up hating him as well. <p>

"Oh, well, that's okay," she smiled at him, a faint note of sadness in her voice, "I
>understand...you were...busy." <p>

I've hurt her feelings... > He sighed softly, "So, where were you going?"

"Going?" she seemed a bit surprised.

"Well, you're kind of dressed up, aren't you?" as soon as the words left his mouth, Angel
>would have given almost anything to take them back. <p>

Willow's face couldn't have gotten any redder.

"Oh..well..I....," she tried desperately to stop blushing while knowing very well that the
>effort was futile This is so humiliating, now what am I supposed to say? Why yes, Angel,
I just spent the past half an hour getting ready to see you... >

I can't believe it. I did it again... > This had to be the single worst conversation he'd ever had with anyone in his life. It even

>rivalled the one he'd had with Buffy the night after he'd changed. He couldn't
seem to say anything right.
> <p>

"I meant to say that you look really nice, I mean, not that you normally *don't* look nice,
>but you just look extra-nice tonight, for some reason," he rushed on trying to cover for his
mistake but not realizing that he was only making things worse, "So I was just wondering
>if you were going somewhere or something, not that you have to be

going somewhere to
look nice b-,"

"Angel, I was coming over to check up on you," she finally blurted out in order to end
>both her misery as well as his. <p>

There was a beat as the vampire processed the information, "Oh."

"Yes." Boy, where was a good change of subject when you needed one?

Does that mean she dressed up because of me? > Unable to help it, Angel felt strangely
>happy with that knowledge. The automatic wash of self-loathing which followed after it,
however, helped to destroy that emotion. I don't deserve to be happy. Least of all now.
>Least of all with Willow. Of course she didn't dress up because of me. She was probably
going to the Bronze or something straight afterwards. >

"So, what were you leaving here? I thought I saw you put something down.. " Her green
>eyes traveled past him and carefully around the edges of the balcony, looking for the
object he'd left for her.

"Oh, yes, that," Beyond relieved to be talking about something else, Angel stooped down,
>picked up a large plastic bag and handed it to her. <p>

Tropical Fish.

"Oh wow..Angel..."

"I bought them a little while ago. With money and all, I mean. I umm...I had to break into
>the store, but I left an adequate amount of money for the owner to covered the window I
had to break to get in as well." Why am I babbling? My God, I think I'm babbling.... >

"Angel..." she was utterly speechless.

"I tried to umm.. find another store which was open later at night so that I wouldn't have
>to break in and all but there weren't any around here and I really wanted to get you these
as soon as possible to replace the...others." He wasn't sure why, but something deep
>inside him wanted her to trust him and not to be threatened by him. He wanted her to feel
at ease. And it was causing him to act like an eight year old.

"Angel, you really didn't have to do this."

"Willow, I took your fish out of their tank, gutted them and strung them along a piece of
>wire. Yes, I do think that means I owe you another set." <p>

"Well, I appreciate it," She nodded slowly and held the bag up to her face, "I really do."

"Have you...spoken to Buffy or Giles recently?"

"No, not yet."

"When do you plan on telling them?"

"Don't you mean when do "we" plan on telling them?"

"I don't think it's that good an idea to have me there when you break the news to the-,"

"What are you talking about? You **have** to be there. It'll give them all an opportunity to
>see that it's really you and that you're back to the way you were before." <p>

"Too chicken to do it on your own, huh?"

"Absolutely."

Despite their situation he started laughing. She always had this uncanny ability to make
>him feel better. "Okay, Willow, I'll come with you. How does Sunday night sound?" <p>

It would mean that she'd have to somehow avoid everyone for two more days, but she'd
>live...at least until Buffy found out. "Sunday night sounds great." <p>

Angel nodded. It'd give him a little more time to get his own life back into order and he knew that the teenagers also had a two

>week vacation coming up. It'd give everyone an adjustment
period before school started again.

"Alright, I'll see you then," he turned and started to climb down again.

She almost dropped the bag of fish she was holding, "Wait Angel, what are you doing
>tomorrow night?" <p>

He paused, "Tomorrow night? I hadn't really thought about it."

"Would you like to do something?"

"With you?"

"Well, yes."

"Like..?"

"I dunno, hang out at your apartment and talk or something?"

"Well...", he considered turning her down, but the sweet and hopeful look on her face
>made him think better of it, "that sounds nice. Sure, why not?"

Almost like a lost
puppy. >

Her smile could've lit up all of Sunnydale, "Terrific. I'll come over tomorrow night then."

He nodded silently and dropped out of site.

By the time she got to the edge of the balcony, he was gone.

Still smiling, Willow turned with her new bag of fish and walked into her room, locking
>the doors behind her. <p>

It wasn't until then that an odd thought occurred to her

Ohmigosh, did I just ask him out? >

Part 5

She awoke with a start.

Vaguely, in the back of her mind, she thought she heard the phone ringing.

Geez, what time is it? > Bleary eyed, she reached over and turned her alarm clock
>around. <p>

9:30 am.

Who the heck would be calling this early on a Saturday? >

She buried her face in her pillow and sighed before blindly reaching up and grasping the
>phone. <p>

"Hello?" she muttered groggily into the receiver, her voice still slightly muffled by the
>pillow. <p>

"Amy? Did I wake you?"

"No."

"Oh good, Amy you'll never believe what happened..."

"I'll bet I won't..."

"Guess who came over last night?"

"Willow? Is that you?"

"Angel!"

"Do you still want me to guess?"

"Are you paying attention?"

"Yes. Of course I am. Why did he come over?" she yawned sleepily and flipped over
>onto her back. <p>

"To give me some tropical fish."

"Oh, okay, that makes absolutely no sense."

"It's a long story, listen Amy, what're you doing today?"

Presumably, sleeping. > "Nothing much as of now."

"Would you be interested in coming over?"

"Sure, what's up?"

"Well, it's no big deal but I have some really cool stuff that I
wanted to show you that I
>found from the internet about techno-paganism." <p>

"Mmmhmmmm," she murmured, sitting up.

"And I also wanted to ask your advice about a few things."

"My advice?"

"Fashion-wise and...other-wise."

"Oh...ok," she agreed, furrowing her brows slightly, "Wait..Willow,
who did you
>say came to visit you last night?" <p>

"Nevermind, I'll talk to you about it later."

"But Will-,"

"Bye Amy, see you in about an hour."

"No, Willow, wa-," the abrupt sound of the dial-tone filled her ear,
cutting off her final
>remark. <p>

"Weirdness..."

Shrugging slightly, she hung up the phone and rolled out of bed to
get ready.

"Yes, but I'm worried about her."

"Buffy, she get's like this sometimes. Especially around certain
times of the month..."

"Xander, I can't believe you just said that."

"What? It's true!"

"Look, I just think that one of us should go check up on her. I

emailed her twice last night
>and again this morning. I just tried to call and her phone line was
busy." <p>

"Maybe she's online.."

"She's not, I checked."

"Well, maybe she took her phone off the hook to prevent her crazy
friends from calling
>obscenely early on weekends..." he rolled over onto his side and
propped his head up on
one hand, "Seriously though, Buffy, this
is ridiculous. Willow's fine. I know her, she
>wouldn't do anything stupid. Not without telling us at least. She's
terrible at lying too,
you know that. If she was trying to sneak
around behind our backs and do anything, we'd
>know in a second." <p>

"Not if she avoided us while she was doing it, Xander."

He paused.

"Look, why don't one of us go over to her house?"

"She's not there, she's working on some History extra-credit project
with Amy."

"Well then, call Amy."

"Are you kidding me? I can't do that!"

"Xander, you need to get over this. Amy doesn't want you. It was the
spell. It was
>seriously powerful. Believe me, I know." <p>

"It's not just that. She just gives me the heebie jeebies for some
reason."

"She's been hanging around with Willow alot lately."

"Yeah, I've noticed that too. What's up with that?"

"Well, *we* certainly haven't been hanging around her that much."

"What do you mean?"

"Xander, between Giles and I trying to save the world and you and
Cordelia trying to rid
>the universe of hormones, when was the last time we all just hung
out?" <p>

He actually had to think hard about that one, "Gosh, maybe a month or
so ago."

"Catching a twinkie break in the hall between classes doesn't count."

"Oh. Okay, longer then."

"Exactly, so she's obviously lonely."

"You're right, I never thought about that before.."

"Why am I not surprised?" Buffy muttered under her breath.

"What?"

"Nothing. Look, Xander, I think you're right. Willow's just probably feeling down right
>now, that's all." <p>

"No, you know Buffy, I think there might actually be something else wrong with her
>maybe we sh-," <p>

"The only thing wrong with her is that she's been consummately ditched by all of her
>closest friends. The best way to fix this is to try to include her more and to schedule some
stuff to do all together this vacation."

'That's a good idea, Buffy, but I still think that we sh-,"

"Great, glad that you agree. Well, I gotta run, see you tonight!"

"No Buffy, wa-,"

He moaned softly at the sound of the dial tone and hung up the phone.

Well, he wasn't getting any more sleep, that much was certain.

Poor Willow. I never even saw it before. I am SUCH an ass. She must be so
>miserable. > <p>

Part 6

"I am SO excited," she squealed, waving her hands in front of her flushed face as ran
>back upstairs, "But WHY am I so excited?" <p>

This had been a question which had been troubling her ever since she'd changed Angelus
>back to Angel. It was utterly ridiculous and every time she thought about it, she knew
how ridiculous it sounded but she also knew it was the truth. She was actually looking
>forward to having Angel all to herself for these last few days. She was, in fact, dreading
the moment when she'd have to admit to her friends that he had changed back.
>Dreading it for more than just the fact that everyone would be mad at her for lying. It was
more a question of having to give him up and share him with the rest of the world. Her mind
>told her that it was unspeakably selfish and that she should feel incredibly guilty, but her
undefineable excitement and happiness over seeing him that night indicated otherwise.

"It's just that I'm...I'm happy to have someone to talk to," she decided aloud.

Yes, that was it. It was the simple companionship which was causing that wistful ache in
>her chest whenever she thought of him. It was the wonderment of being able to feel
comfortable around someone again which made her so talkative around him and so free.
>It was the joy of having an acquaintance, a confidant, a *friend* in her life again which
caused her head to spin and her heart to beat twice as fast whenever he was around.
>She had every right to be selfish and to want to cling onto him like this, especially after
having been so lonely for so long. It was only natural to want to perserve this.
>Yes, it was friendship, that's all. It wasn't something silly like love. Love was different.
Love was sickness and pain and tears. Her experience with Xander had taught her that in
>a way she'd never forget. Besides, love didn't just take place in the span of two weeks. (The fact that she'd actually known
him for almost 2 years was somewhat
>irrelevant. Especially because he'd been with Buffy then...)
<p>

And so, having rationalized things to herself, Willow felt much better.

With a clear mind and a light heart she began to pick out her clothes for that night. She'd wait for Amy to arrive before she
>figured out what to do with her hair. <p>

He lay flat on his back, staring up at the ceiling. Try as he might, he couldn't get her face
>out of his mind. <p>

He was in love with her. That much was certain. He'd always loved her, he realized that now. Even from the very
>instant he saw her, he'd fallen hard for her. So alone. So pretty and vulnerable. She lived a lonely existance, always

>out of place with very few friends. He remembered the look in her eyes when he'd first attacked her. So stricken and

>lost. She had gotten over that though and gradually she became more hurt than scared. So hurt and angry that she'd
>taken matters into her own hands.

Unable to stand it anymore, Angel got off of the bed and strode around his apartment.
> Damn, I'm so restless. > <p>

He couldn't help but smile when he thought about her. How did she manage to be so
>beautiful and strong and yet at the same time, soft and feminine? Yes, he loved her. He
>loved her alot. How could he admit it to her, though?How could he ever come to terms
>with it and say it aloud after everything which had

happened?

He picked up a delicate vase at the other end of the room.

No, he couldn't risk it. She'd try to push him away because of what her friends would think. She'd never speak to him>again. As is, their relationship was edgy>and precarious. This would simply push it over the cliff and she'd get scared and run.

He swiftly smashed the vase against the wall. Hah. Much better. >Feeling the tension>ease slightly in his shoulders, he reached for yet another item, this time an antique clock,
and flung it against the floor. The sound it made was almost pleasant.

No, he couldn't risk losing her forever. He loved her too much to put her life into>jeopardy and such a revelation would do just that.

Quickly, he began running around the apartment, picking things up and throwing them>wherever he fancied. Hey, it's my building, I can do whatever I want. >

He'd wait it out. All for her.

Gradually he began to lose steam.

He'd keep his emotions in check at all times because he never wanted to cause her pain.>Never again.

Slowly, he sank to the floor.

He'd do anything for her, he knew that now.

His shoulders shook slightly as he wept.

Part 7

"Okay Willow, you have to calm down," Amy did her best to sound authoritative but>ended up smiling anyway. For her, the past few years had been hard. Especially with her mom
going postal and using her own body to try to kill people, but being quick to adjust to the>abnormal, she'd gotten over it. She didn't have too many friends after the whole episode,
though. She thought but she'd gotten over that aspect of her life as well, but soon found>out that she hadn't. Hanging around with Willow was one of the nicest things to happen
to her in a long time. It made her feel inexplicably warm inside and made her remember>what it was like to have friends, a feeling she was far too removed from. <p>

"The red or the black?"

"It's orange and dark grey and I go with the orange."

"Orange it is. Short sleeves or no sleeves?"

"No sleeves."

"Are you sure?"

"Wait..where's the shirt that I brought? Try that one on."

"Oh yeah..but does it go with the orange skirt?"

"Well yes, I think it does. Wait a second..what shoes were you
planning on wearing with
>that?" <p>

Willow held up her brown Mary Janes.

Amy shook her head, "Uh uh. Those are a no go."

"Well, I really don't have anything else that would look remotely
ni-,"

In midsentence, Amy snapped her fingers and a pair of black clogs
suddenly appeared.

Willow blinked, "Wow, those are nice!"

"And they'll go perfectly with your skirt."

"You've really got to show me how to do that sometime."

Amy grinned wryly, "You know, I can."

"Wait...seriously?"

"Yeah, why not?"

"But, don't you have to have witch's blood or something?"

Amy looked thoughtful for a moment.

"Well, it helps, but it isn't the be all and end all of witchcraft. I
can teach you some
>simple things which might be helpful in certain situations."
<p>

"Like?"

"Like how to levitate small objects or how to transport things. Shoes
for instance."

"You're not kidding...ohmigosh, Amy that's so cool!!"

"Hey, I'd be thrilled to teach you. Think about the amount of fun we
could have in Ms.
>Allan's physics class!" <p>

Willow burst out laughing.

"I've been making the chalk float every once in awhile just to see her face turn that
>incredible shade of red." <p>

"I'd have to say that it's more of a purple."

Soon, both girls were in hysterics.

"Okay, Wills, you'd better be careful, you don't want to smudge your makeup. *And* we
>still have to do your hair to get you ready for this date."
<p>

"Wait, what?" She stopped wiping the tears out of her eyes, "A date?"

"Hmm?" Amy mumbled looking under the bed, "Yes. What did you do with the other
>sheer stocking I gave you?" <p>

"Amy, just a sec..this isn't a date."

The blond popped her head back up almost instantly, "What?"

"Angel and I are just hanging out."

The witch studied her friend for a few moments, trying to gauge just how serious she was
>about that last comment before responding, "Willow, look around you. Look at this room.
Do you always get this dressed up just to hang out?"

There it was again. The "dressing up" comment. Willow took a guilty glance around her
>room and sure enough, clothing was strewn everywhere. There was tons of makeup,
mostly Amy's, on the dresser and several pairs of nylons mixed with shoes littering the
>floor. She hadn't even done this much damage to her room the first time her parents let her
and Xander go to the Bronze alone in ninth grade. Amy was right. She *was* dressing up.
>This could be a problem. <p>

"Oh dear."

"What?"

"Well, I-I just don't want to look weird or act weird around him. Why am I doing this
>Amy?" <p>

"Uhh..because you like him?" she chose to hazard the obvious guess.

"No, no I don't," the red-haired hacker shook her head vehemently, "I can't."

As much as it shocked her, Amy knew that Willow was serious. She honestly didn't
>believe that she harbored any feelings for Angel. She's worried about betraying
Buffy. > Until now, it hadn't quite struck Amy

exactly how bad Willow's situation was.

>She had undertaken this task largely on her own. She'd risked her life to complete it. She
was forced to hide her success from the few friends she did have because it might
>alienate them even further and now, to make matters even worse, she had inadvertently
fallen in love with the subject of all of this madness. Without even consciously knowing
>it. <p>

Amy swallowed. Hard. This wasn't going to be an easy situation to maneuver.

"I need to change...b-but I don't have any time. Oh no, Amy, what am I going to do?" Willow
>was near tears. <p>

"Okay, calm down," the blond whispered soothingly, "It's all going to be alright. We'll
>figure something out." Hmm... I need to make her look nice but still not too dressy. > <p>

While Willow was searching for some kleenex, Amy closed her eyes and pictured the
>outfit. There. Perfect. > She opened her eyes and waved her hands swiftly. In a
glittering instant, Willow's clothing had changed and her hair and makeup were switched
>as well to match. <p>

"Amy, have you seen the tissue bo-," the hacker happened to glance at her reflection in
>that second and gasped, "Ohmigosh, it's perfect!" <p>

"Dark corderoys with a white top with some funky suspenders. Cool, but not too weird,"
>the witch smiled, standing behind her, 'I think it works.'
<p>

Willow spun around a few times, admiring the two simple braids her hair had been pulled
>back into and the understated makeup which complimented the outfit perfectly. Just a
touch of blush, a little eyeliner and some pale lipgloss. Cute, but casual. Special but not
>too obvious. It was perfect. <p>

"And now, Cinderella, I say you are ready to go "hang out" with Prince Charming," she
>leaned over and gave the red-head a hug, "Have fun, call me later."
<p>

"I will, and I can't thank you enough for all this," she returned the hug, "Shall I see you
>to the door milady?" <p>

"Nope, it shan't be necessary," Amy replied in a snooty British accent. With a wave and
>a mischievous grin, she crossed her arms over her chest and blinked in an obvious 'I
dream of Jeanie' parody before disappearing.

"I have *got* to learn how to do that," Willow muttered under her

breath as she went
>about searching for her keys, her wallet and the last few things
she'd need. <p>

Having collected everything, she hurriedly grasped her small backpack and headed
>downstairs. She only had about half an hour to get to Angel's apartment alone before the
journey would be too dangerous. She'd made it as far as the front door when she heard
>the bell ring. Nearly jumping out of her skin, she stood on her tip toes, and peered
through the peephole. What she saw almost caused her to scream on the spot.

Xander.

There he stood, oblivious as ever, occasionally leaning forward to look
>through the other end of the peephole while juggling a pint of cafe ole. Willow's favorite
ice cream. What the heck is he doing here? Oh geez, Xander, just when I thought life
>couldn't get any more complicated... > <p>

"Willow?" he called, breaking her out of her thoughts, "Wills, it's Xander, open up. I
>brought you and Amy some ice cream." <p>

Well, that did it. She was just going to stand there with the door locked and wait
>him out. Eventually, he'd be forced to leave once it became obvious that no one was
home.

"Willow?" he called again.

Th red-head bit her lip in frustration.

Suddenly, much to her absolute horror, she heard the sound of keys.

Oh God. Xander has a spare key to the front door. I totally forgot about that. > Her eyes
>narrowed slightly He's only supposed to use those keys in the case of an emergency. I
mean, what the heck? He's been out there barely 3 seconds and he wants to come
>barging in? How does he know I'm not here and half naked getting out of the shower or
something? How rude.. >

The key began turning in the lock and Willow realized that she didn't have any time to
>spare being angry at him. First, she needed a plan for escape.
<p>

Barely managing to get out of the way in time, she leaped up the stairs just as the door
>swung open. <p>

"Willow...?"

The hacker stood in her room desperately looking around. Should I hide? Pretend like I
>was asleep or something? Oh no..I'm supposed to be with Amy. I can't

be asleep. > <p>

"Willow? Hey Wills, you up there?"

Hearing the voice at the bottom of the stairs sent Willow into a fit of panic. Quickly, she
>slammed her door shut. Uh oh...baaaad move. > Almost instantly, she heard his
sneakers pounding up the stairs at an ever-quickenning pace.

With no other options left, Willow did the one thing she could do.

She leapt out the window.

Coming soon....parts 8-16
> <p>

End
file.